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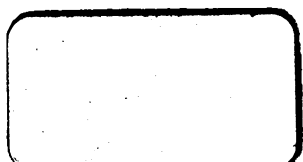
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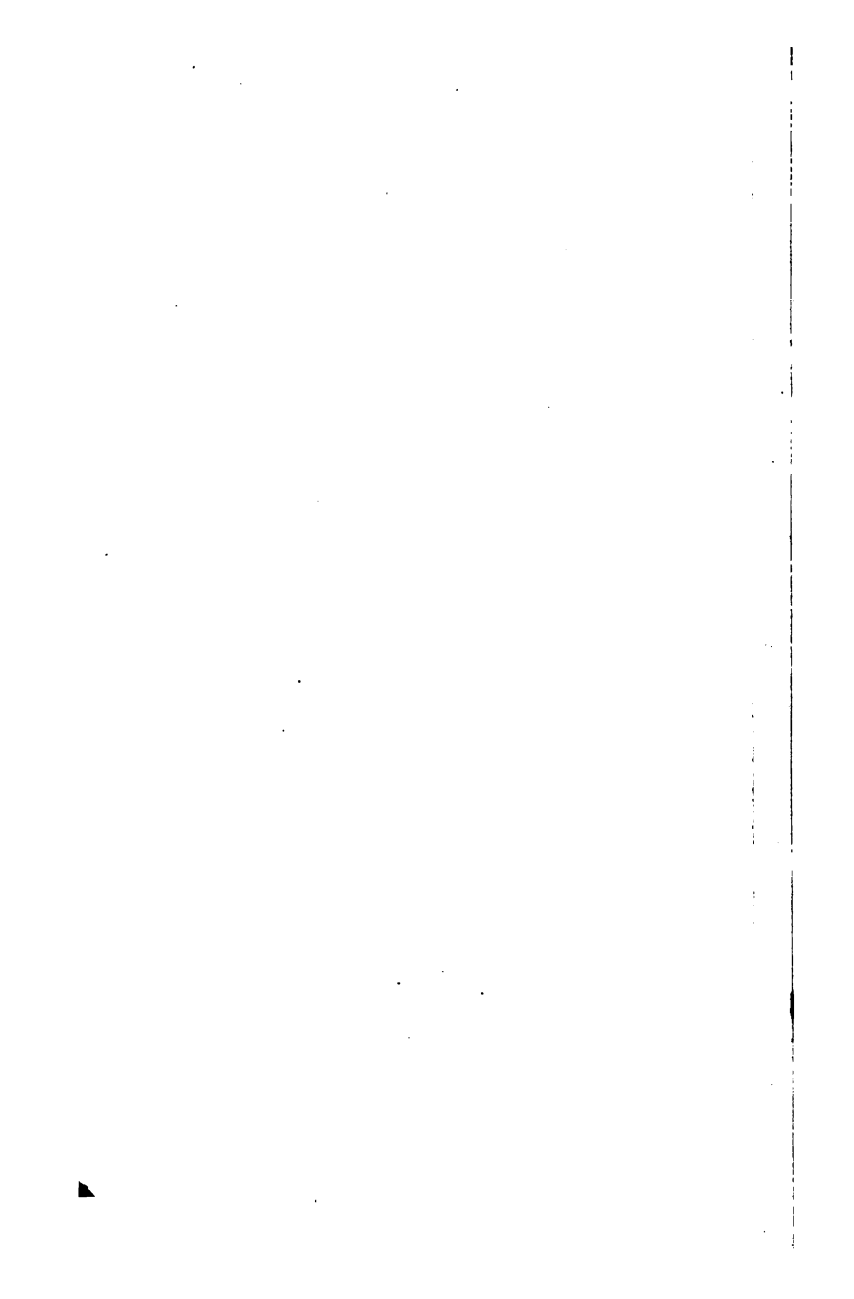
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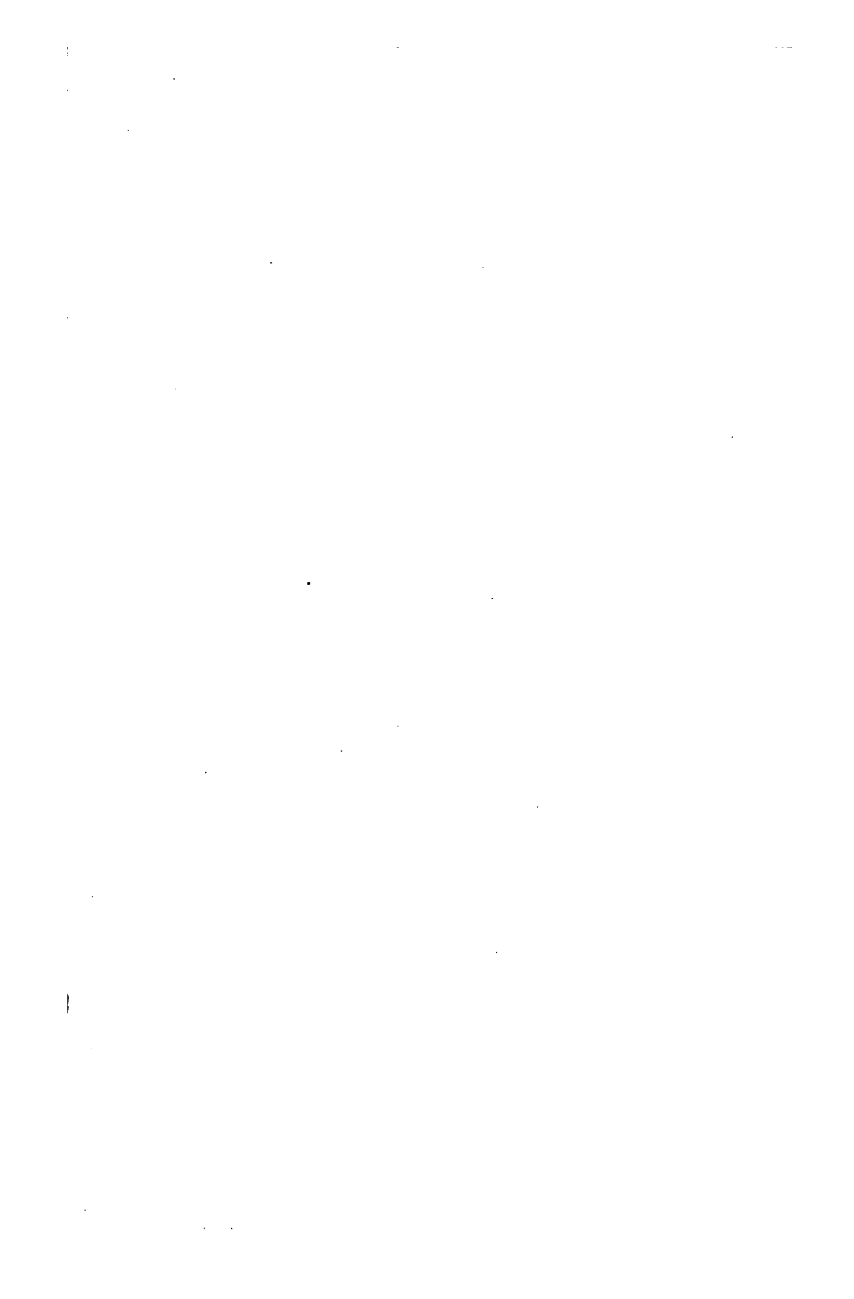
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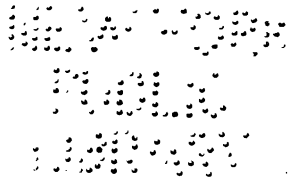




SONGS AND SONNETS

BY

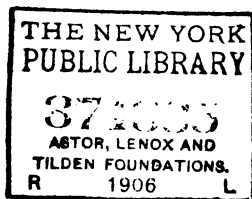
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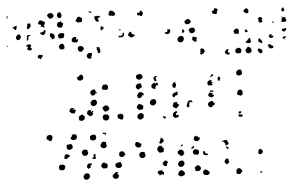
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SONGS AND SONNETS.



THE WORLD OF BOOKS.


WHEN Slander's many tongues raise hue
and cry,
And neighbors in the street have stony
looks,

We may contentedly let them pass by,
For we can find a better world in books.
We here may seek the great mind's inner
thought;

These silent pages thirst not like a pack
Of sleuth hounds, hunting us to death for
naught,

But rest forever silent at our back.
We here may with Ulysses wander far,
Or with the gentle poets muse and sing,
Or follow the bold traveler who saw
The sun ne'er set, but to the heavens cling.
So if the smaller world shall like us less,
We may within our solitude find rest.

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

 EIGHBORS of a higher life,
Hoping for a perfect peace,
Working silent in this night,
Waiting for the strife to cease.


Gentle, like the Prince of Peace,
Lowly, as we all should be,
Saving for the rainy day,
Giving alms in charity.

May your gentle precepts spread
To the busy mart, the den
Where the wolves of commerce feed
On the fattened lambs of men.

Pleasure flees when we pursue,
But she comes to them that wait,
And our gentle neighbors meet
The sweet goddess at the gate.

Spirit mild of sweet content
Comes to bless the meeting, free,
Calms the waves of discontent
On the raging human sea.

Let us banish from our lives
The vain love of pomp and show,
For this childish, false display
Causes much of human woe.



FAITH IN SPRING.

DAYLIGHT and Spring shine on the
world,
Tho' to our vision all seems night;
Sweet Spring to us will be unfurled,
Its sleeping flowers start up in sight;
The winter white will show us soon
The budding landscape, fresh and sweet,
Like children rushing in a room,
And with their kisses our gloom greet.
Spring will come, with its bursting flowers
And flutt'ring breath, will light the lands.
Remember in deep midnight hours
Sunlight rests on far ocean sands.
Have faith in Spring, in darkest hours
Birds are singing afar in bowers.

A WANDERER.



HONOR both the brave and free,
And love the glorious liberty
The broad seas always give.
The world's a grand broad field to roam;
The land so firm; the sea, its foam
To sail far o'er and o'er.
To visit every land and shore;
To carry home in Triumph's car
The Roc's egg, treasure rare.
The air so free, to be as it;
To bring home laden in the ship
The spoils of Indian seas.
To bear home pearls and sandal woods,
The rarest gems, the costly goods
From Eastern island shores;
To sing the songs sung by the brave,
To right the wrongs, to sail the waves
Till plunged beneath the deep;
To have a sepulcher so old,
Old Neptune's vaults will never hold
A more devoted soul.
The sea will take its wanderer home
Beneath its blue, under the foam
To find a watery grave.

The smooth green plain will be the strand
More broad than any monarch's land
Upon the world's broad face.
The sea so wide, there's room to rove,
Till down in grottoes and in groves
The wanderer finds a home.
To sail away in skies and seas,
To breast the waves, to rock so free,
To rove the watery world.
To never know the bonds that hold
The spirit fast within the fold
Of Fashion's crowded aisles.
The sky above, the sky beneath,
The air so blue; under my feet
The gallant carrier bark.
To say good-bye, the breeze is high,
To sail away under the sky,
Until the blue waves that I roam
Shall flow above my head.



THE HIGH HILLS OF THE SANTEE.

IN this quiet upland country,
Where the sweet savannahs blow,
Where the woodland hum is music
And the shadows come and go :

Here the tired and weary worker
Comes to take his final leave,
Comes to hear the river running,
Far away from friends who grieve.

Here the sons of Carolina
Have secured a stepping-place
From the well-beloved plantation
To the silence-land of grace.

Here the warrior and the statesman
Come to take their sad farewell ;
They are gathered to the bosom
Of the State they loved so well.

And beneath the shades of cypress
They are sleeping well to-night,
Waiting for a sound of trumpet
That will call them up to light.

FLOWERS.

That picture of Paul Uccello's of the battle of St. Egidio, in which the armies meet on a country road beside a hedge of wild roses; the tender red flowers tossing above the helmets and glowing between the lowered lances.—RUSKIN.



HE great blue dome that stretches o'er
my head,
The stars by night, the rolling sun
by day,
Are seen not by the quick more than the dead,
Altho' the beauty's there, see all who may.

Now hearts are wed to Mammon, and the eyes
That should in this great handiwork rejoice
Are seldom turned to the high-flowing skies;
They never raise a truly thankful voice.
Then flowers, too, bloom in vain, tho' nodding
sweet,
Are passed as if they were things of no use,
And pushed aside or trampled under feet,
Are hardly seen, and are but a refuse.
Yet business, bloody wars, vain display, grief,
Will hurry life, and death bring us relief.

THE END OF WINTER.

I.



HE winter gloom is wrapped in spot-
less snow,
In dazzling brightness, making moody
thoughts

As light as air. The cheerful evergreens
Standing along the lanes change for no winter,
But gladden us across the plains of white.
The splendor of the sun, o'er purple clouds,
Between land and sky, gilds the broad white-
ness.

Can black thoughts stay amidst a scene like
this?

In darkest days, in longest nights, the snow
Comes to enliven, and to rival heaven
Itself in robes of beauty.

II.

Soon the sun
Will melt away this carpet of the earth,
Life will start in every field and wood.
And then Spring, that never-failing goddess
Of the earth, comes, touching with magic wand

Cold, sleeping nature. Then the murmuring
hills

Will laugh in gladness, and upstarting flowers
Will smile at us with joy. Yes, she will come,
And from her lap will fling with blooming
arms

Her jewels to the woods, making the dells
Quite overflow with verdure, and meadows
A sheet of living green. She comes serene,
Fanning with warmer breath the flowers spring-
ing

Fresh to meet her; comes to flush the flora
Of this world, as a greater King will come
To us, raising us up from death to life.

~~~~~  
OCTOBER.



HE golden woods are rich and gay,  
The beauty deepens as it flies,  
Like dolphin in the ocean's spray  
Turns wondrous colors as it dies.

The flowers have died, the birds have flown  
To fairer bowers, to greener leas,  
Where waving orange blossoms blow  
About in summer's fragrant breeze.

Kind hearts are sad as nature dies ;  
When winter comes as death they mourn,  
And spring like resurrection smiles  
To celebrate creation's dawn.

'Tis death in life, and when we sink  
Beneath the flowers so peacefully,  
We will have faith when we but think  
That we shall rise up joyfully.

Sweet nature goes to rest in peace,  
But when she wakes 'tis ecstasy  
To hear the birds that never cease  
To celebrate the jubilee.



### LONGINGS.

**T**IS said wild birds in a cage  
Know the season of the year  
When they should to sunny climes  
Wing their way high in the air ;

That the little things keep up  
Flutt'rings of the wings all day,  
Knowing they should then be off  
With their comrades on the way.

In the spring oft mortals feel  
Constant longings for the way  
To a land they ne'er have seen,  
And the longing lasts all day.

Can it be that in the breast  
Of the mortal and the bird  
A desire dwells for a rest  
In the far-off sounds they heard?



### INDIAN SUMMER.



HE Indians think, before the snows  
And frosts of winter blast the cheer,  
We have eight days of summer fair,  
The happiest weather in the year.  
The air so sensuous and still,  
The sun so low, like ball of fire,  
As if the summer had returned  
To bid farewell, and then expire.  
The birds seem singing very low,  
"Stay, summer, stay, why do you go?"  
Chrysanthemums alone remain  
To meet the winter's snow and rain.  
O happy season, why not stay!  
You only visit, then away.

## BEAUTY.

Not that fair field  
Of Enna, where Proserpine gathering flowers,  
Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis  
Was gathered.—MILTON.



ADAME DE STAEL, the gifted, said  
one day  
She would give all her talents for  
the prize  
Of beauty, though the poorest woman may  
Possess it, and not from low station rise.  
Plain ones, take comfort, for a great duke  
spurned  
Sweet Georgiana, who was wed unto  
His Grace of Devonshire, whose love soon  
turned  
To hate, and led her but a life of woe.  
Beauty is often like a two-edged sword,  
Enticing, then both down together fall  
Into the unknown depths, where angry roar  
The waters, covering alike them all.  
Love for the plain ones is a real thing,  
While beauty's admiration oft takes wing.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR AT THE  
LAKE.

**E**VENING, with the sunset's red,  
Tunes our heart-strings high and gay,  
As a happy childish throng  
Forms for march in gentle play.

March! The merry pageant moves;  
Each one overflows with glee,  
Walking in the blissful swell  
Of the music's fantasy.

Promenading two and two,  
Happy eyes so full of glee,  
Life looks long, and life looks bright,  
Spirits running high and free.

Gently falling into line,  
Forming for the children's dance,  
How they're longing for the fun,  
Joy beams forth in every glance.

Violins strike up the air,  
Cheerful, like the woodland's lay;  
As the children waltz about,  
Life seems but a holiday.

Music flows, now streaming out  
On the evening sunset red,  
Mixing with the sky and night,  
Joining with the children's tread.

Should the Indians now return  
To this happy hunting-ground,  
They would wonder at the noise  
And the merry, laughing sound.

Now we trust the swelling note  
Moving over lake and lea  
Does not haunt in Nature's bower,  
Piercing to her mystery.

Still the music rises on,  
On to sweeter ecstasy,  
Clothing Nature with the spell  
Of her magic sophistry.

Yet the children happy seem,  
And the little birds without  
Wonder what the noise can mean,  
And the joyous, merry shout.

ARABIA.

To them who sail  
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past  
Mozambique, off at sea northeast winds blow  
Sabeian odors from the spicy shore  
Of Araby the Blest.—MILTON.



HE deep blue sky, stretching far o'er  
the sands,  
With large, glowing stars shining near  
and bright,  
There show the way to winding caravans  
Across the trackless wastes, long thro' the  
night.  
The Mahometan there, at sound of bell,  
His dark face turns to Mecca, toward that  
stone  
Caaba that stands beside the holy well  
Zemzem, so named from its sweet music  
tone.  
The faithful call, "Allah, akbar, Islam,"  
At the hour when these bowing millions  
think  
They then submit to God, and honor him  
Low prostrate, and thus inspiration drink.  
Araby's shores are perfumed, but her sands  
Waft her children in poor wandering bands.

## THE COMING MAY.



T spring's awakening  
The birds come always first,  
Amongst the trees warbling  
As though their throats would burst.

Upon the greensward bright  
The children weave in play  
Gay chains of flowery light  
To deck the coming May.

A distant childish voice  
Comes over rosy seas,  
It bids my soul rejoice  
With thoughts of other leas.

My fancies gently roam—  
A murmur in my ears—  
A longing for the home  
And joys of early years.

The songs of other Mays  
Come sounding back from yore,  
As on life's nights and days  
We pass the blooming shore.

When winter's wind fierce blows  
The fireside scarcely cheers;  
The voice of first love grows  
Much louder with the years.

I weave her with the hours,  
Her dreamy face is there,  
As spring waves through the flowers,  
And songsters float in air.

Sad fancies twine round now,  
Her coffin 'neath the lea,  
My thoughts so constant sow  
The fields that were to be.

I know the world is fair,  
With hills of living green,  
The clouds float high in air  
Through sunlight so serene.

The fountains in the sun  
Play with their glad delight,  
Then stars come one by one  
To make the jeweled night.

The earth now laughs in glee,  
And flings up flowers of gold,  
O love is always free,  
And springs are never old!

The flowers are always mute,  
Tho' living fresh in spring,  
While birds like harp and flute  
Keep up the constant ring.

The flowers are yet alive  
The same as birds that sing,  
And give unto the hive  
The sweetness of the spring.

'T was just before the June,  
At ruddy close of day,  
She, laden with the bloom,  
Came bringing home the May.

And though we older grow,  
And she has rested long,  
Her cheeks like roses glow  
And bloom within my song.

I would not give my dead  
For fairest living bride  
That stands, deep blushing red,  
Decked at the altar's side.

Her sister flowers lie still  
In winter on her mound,  
When spring notes ring out shrill  
The flowers start at the sound.

But she sleeps gently on,  
Awaits perhaps a spring  
Much fairer than the one  
That birds to us now bring.

Oft when my fire burns low  
I muse close at its side,  
And think how she might now  
Be my long wedded bride.

She might sit like a Muse  
And cheer me with her lays,  
My moody thoughts diffuse  
With sunlight like the day's.

She's sitting over there,  
To me still in her youth,  
With ever waving hair—  
O would it were the truth!

'T is better for the guest  
To part soon in the eve,  
While anxious all the rest  
Desire him not to leave.

A zest will always stay,  
And linger round the heart,  
For one who went away  
Before the time to part.

Perhaps the fault is mine,  
That I have lived too long,  
And having passed my prime  
My soul flames up in song.

When music stirs my soul  
It wakes forgotten dreams,  
That from my spirits roll  
And flow in golden streams.

I faintly hear her sing,  
I heard her when a boy,  
But strains I now hear ring  
Are not the sounds of joy.

The airs of early years  
Oft murmur by the hour  
Within my weary ears  
And challenge all my power.

If singing then be wrong,  
The wild birds with their airs,  
Whose lives are only song,  
Should answer in their prayers.

Then gardens full of flowers  
Were waving in my sight,  
But now in long past hours  
They lay in distant night.

Ulysses who was tied  
By comrades to his mast,  
Heard songs that never died  
From sirens as he passed.

From his sad journeys long  
What wonders he has told,  
The sirens' lovely song  
Within him deeply rolled.

'T is well indeed for me  
The Muses came to earth,  
That poetry is free,  
And rhythm had its birth.

The sorrows round the heart  
That throb through night and day,  
In verses oft depart  
And gently fly away.

The days and nights of life  
Now simply come and go,  
My mind draws pictures bright,  
And paints in ruddy glow.

A picture that in fact,  
Without the music's lay,  
Looks only white and black,  
Between the night and day.

In music-tones it seems  
To be in colors gay,  
And from the whiteness gleams  
A rainbow for the day.

And from the stars of night,  
The time when mourners weep,  
It weaves a veil of light,  
A canopy for sleep.

As twilight breaks at sea,  
And lights the distant morn,  
Hope often comes to me  
As faintly as the dawn.

Sad Dante, the divine,  
His love saw but one day,  
And that before her prime,  
She passed near where he lay.

The praises he has sung  
Will ring out for all time,  
And lyres are ever strung  
To join in with his rhyme.

Are words of mine then vain  
For her who, now away,  
In sunshine and in rain  
With me walked night and day?

It seems a passing show,  
The stars, the earthy crust,  
All changing as they go,  
And rolling into dust.

The throbbing and the moan  
Of ocean on the land,  
With flowers so kindly sown  
By a wise master hand.

The insect of a day  
That frolics in the light,  
With wingéd noiseless play,  
Then sinks in death at night.

But my love died in morn,  
Before her lay was sung,  
A few years only born,  
Her day had just begun.

If I could but go down  
To mystic realms of death,  
And seek until I found  
And rescued my lost wealth.

But death will hold its own,  
Will keep her till the end,  
Will not by sign or tone  
A word of comfort send.

She, young and very sweet,  
Fell in the grave from me,  
And shall we ever meet  
Through all eternity?

As long as I keep breath  
I 'll hope on till the end,  
And in the hour of death  
Would to her comfort send.

As ship in distant seas  
Sails past the lovely isles,  
The fragrance of the breeze  
Blows o'er the ship for miles.

But soon the isles are seen,  
With sunny peaks thereon,  
To sink beneath the green  
In shine of evening sun.

The islands seemed so fair  
While the ship passed them by,  
But soon they float to air  
In distant sea and sky.

The sailor still looks back,  
With longing loving glance,  
Across the fiery track,  
Beneath the sun-ray's dance.

My heart that seemed to break  
Is now without a sigh,  
My spirit peace would take  
And float on with the sky,

The heaven's sunset red,  
Soft daffodil, and blue.  
Is nature with my dead?  
O love, it lives with you!

Afar in amber west  
The sun appears to die,  
She whom I love the best  
Has mingled with the sky.

Within the sunset glow,  
Deep in the flaming sea,  
My spirit seeks to go  
To immortality.

## THE JERSEYS.

**T**HE Jerseys, the Jerseys are gloomy  
to-night,  
The pine fires are burning with sorrowful light,

The ocean is beating a mournful low roar,  
A song that 't will sing after we are no more.

The land is quite dreary, the ocean is worse,  
The vessels are toss'd on a dangerous coast,  
Their beacon lights beckon so gently to me  
As I watch them intently, far out at sea.

The cabin-boy looks at the lights on the shore,  
And he knows its the home of some one. The  
roar  
Of deep-tossing wave shuts them out from his  
view,  
And he turns to sleep with the rest of the crew.

This sea-coast so barren is pleasant to me,  
The ocean's broad waste sets my light fancy  
free,  
My thoughts go out seaward and come back  
no more,  
The burden has left me I brought to the shore.

A BABY KING.

**T**YRANT ruling without word,  
Ruling with an iron rod,  
We are running here and there,  
Bowling to the slightest nod.

Here we have a real king,  
Swaying heads and swaying hearts,  
Though not of a royal blood,  
Still he charms us with his arts.

Never Indian conjurer  
Held beneath his magic spell  
Suppliants who on bended knee  
Worshiped, why they could not tell.

Here's a touch that none resist,  
Here's a laying on of hands  
Greater than a bishop's power  
In the holiest of lands.

He entwines our hearts and hands  
In the mystic circle sweet,  
Making us a little world  
In the great world's busy street.

## THE OCEAN OF TIME.

Full fathom five thy father lies;  
 Of his bones are coral made;  
 Those are pearls that were his eyes;  
 Nothing of him that doth fade  
 But doth suffer a sea-change  
 Into something rich and strange.  
 Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:  
 Hark! now I hear them—ding, dong, bell.

THE TEMPEST, *Act I.*



HE "cloud-capped towers" upon the  
 land so firm  
 Will pass away like the slight ocean  
 wave,

For Time will bring us all to his low term;  
 From his sure edict nothing can we save.  
 His billows roll alike o'er land and sea;  
 We are but dreams, and flow on with the tide.  
 We look far o'er a sea of poetry  
 Whose billows roll so ceaseless far and wide.  
 Beneath the waves, in coral grotto deep,  
 Where wrecks are strewn and gems have  
 turned to eyes;  
 Where seaweed twines midst shells, and none  
 e'er weep  
 For them that rest, quite undisturbed by sighs.  
 But the sea moaning, deathless in its knell,  
 Tells of the life now resting in its dell.

## UNBOUND.




HERE lies a lovely lake midst wooded  
hills

And peaceful farms, where dull, can-  
kering care

Never enters. There the fisherman dreams  
Away the daylight; there the sloping hills  
And laughing waters never knew the din  
Of commerce; the sleepy air lulls one; like  
The lotus-eaters we lose all desire  
For native land. To live is bliss; moments  
Fly in musing. The waters, undefiled  
By streams of blood, retain their purity.  
At evening, when the lake reflects the fire  
Of heaven, music charms us, its strains flow  
Clear into each breast. Sorrows and desires  
Flee with music and leave the troubled heart.  
How the sweetness of the swell fills the mind  
To overflowing, and the sadder strains  
Grow soft with joy. Happy place, where mem-  
ory

Casts its burdens and life is ecstasy!  
O lovely spot, where music cures, troubles  
Fly away, and ambition is not known!  
There we find rest, a flowery way to heaven.

## THE CRUISE OF THE VESPER.

T five o'clock one morning  
The Vesper sailed away;  
She looked so tall and stately  
While passing out the bay.

Her sides were strong and oaken,  
The sailors seemed so bright,  
They gladly raised the topsails,  
Their hearts were bounding light ;

They sailed out on the ocean,  
Which, like the sea of Time,  
Calls loved ones to its bosom  
From every land and clime.

There was no storm nor tempest,  
And no one saw a wreck,  
And no one brought a message  
From off the Vesper's deck.

The sailing of the Vesper  
Was a funeral march  
Out to the depths of ocean,  
Beneath the coral's arch.

FANTASY.

**O**NE night in troubled sleep, afar,  
Came distant music, low and grand,  
A rosy light came streaming down  
From where the choirs of heaven stand.

A band of spirits slowly chant  
A hymn of comfort, words of peace,  
To one who weary of this life  
Lay longing for a resting place.

The angels beckoned, showed the way,  
I rose to go, when suddenly  
A wind of night air coldly swept  
Near where I lay, alarming me;

I turned, a siren speaking low,  
Whispered, "Not yet, O stay awhile."  
Then the bright spirits, coming near,  
Bade me to follow, sang, and smiled.

A weird voice near me whispered low,  
"They are but phantoms, things of light.  
O stay upon the earth a time,  
O do not go with them to-night."

The angels sweet then moved to go,  
At me looked longingly and sad,  
Unto me raised a farewell song,  
"O come, O come, and leave the bad!"

Their arms they held temptingly low,  
To carry me with them above,  
And looked so pleadingly, then the word,  
While caroling their songs of love.

They slowly marched up in the light,  
Oft looking back with farewell eyes,  
So sadly waving their adieu,  
They gently rose up to the skies.

The shadows dark then closing in  
Found me alone in solemn gloom,  
The voice was hushed that bade me stay,  
The darkness only filled my room.

Why did I stay? that was the time  
For me to rise from earth on high;  
O why came demons of the night  
When angels sweet were sweeping nigh?

I now am chained to things of clay,  
I often hear in dead of night  
The sound of demons gliding past,  
But nevermore those spirits light.

FRIENDSHIP.



FT when a prisoner is brought  
Before a justice of the peace  
He has a friend, a friend in need,  
Who gives the bail and thus release.  
Although the world is very cold,  
And men are striving night and day,  
The chains of friendship still bloom on  
As though they had from Eden strayed.  
He is alone, yes, sad, alone,  
Who knows not one whose eyes grow bright  
At his familiar footsteps' tread,  
Whene'er it sounds in day or night.  
Yet in this world there now are some  
Who know no welcome, know no home.



**SHAKESPEARE.**

Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

*THE TEMPEST, Act I.*



**SHAKESPEARE!** what a tale for us  
is wrought

From out your words, words that will  
never die ;

In happiness our joys may here be taught

To rest on wing, or yet still higher fly.

In sorrow, consolation here doth reign,

For man is but a pipe for fortune's play,

And all the fancies that float through the brain

May here take shape and have their little  
day.

When the poor heart is full, as if to burst

Its confines, he will solve the problem hard.

In the long march of time youth dances first

And age creeps on the last, all in this bard.

The fancy floating, Nature's passing show,

Have here a record with their joy and woe.

LIGHT.

Light, more light!—GOETHE.



HE faces in the street we so oft meet  
In daily life look sad and full of woe,  
As if bright joy to them did never  
greet,

And burdens black of care had made them  
so.

Some show their great anxiety and want,

While others smile, as if they strongly tried  
To battle hard, but conquer care can not,

Are carried down life's stream upon the tide.  
They seem to have been toss'd by land and  
sea.

For he who laughs, he is the strongest man,  
Not haunted by the fears of what will be,

In God his trust, and doing what he can.  
That which is done is done all for the best,  
So trust the future, and then be at rest.

## NAPOLEON.



IS said the great Napoleon had a plan  
To found a broad empire in the far  
East,  
And o'er the teeming millions of that land  
Reign years, and not on St. Helena cease.  
His desire Europe's empire could not fill;  
For in this life all success that we glean  
Will not be that for which we had the will,  
For what we in our childhood oft did dream.  
The legend says that when Ulysses went  
To lower regions down, and had to choose  
A station for his life, he there did scorn  
High place, and it with willingness did lose.  
He chose that of a common countryman,  
Who had not much to do upon his land.



MIRACLES.



THE age of miracles is always here :  
See, flowers spring noiseless up, the  
cause unknown;  
That sowing dragon's teeth did armed men  
rear  
Is no more strange than grain where seed  
was sown.  
And water that seems dead, yet quick sea  
waves  
Show life is there; but the great life is man's,  
When wisdom from the lower passion saves,  
For Nestor should give Hercules his plans.  
The farmer has strong faith who to the air  
His seed sows broadcast, and the harvest  
yields;  
And it is well he does not see the care  
That the good morrow in the darkness  
shields.  
We can be sure of nothing; all that seems  
Is no more true than were our last night's  
dreams.

## OCTOBER.



HE branches droop low in the gold of  
October,  
The woods now stand ripe in the  
low shining sun,  
The birds sweetly sing a requiem for nature,  
And soft breezes waft webs the spiders have  
spun.

The sun takes his course like a golden ball  
rolling,  
The birds are now flocking to fly from the  
night,  
The red and the gold flames so high in Octo-  
ber,  
On earth and on heaven reflecting the light.



HELEN.

**B**ENEATH the Southern skies fair  
Helen dwells,  
The fairest of the Southern flowers  
to me;  
She decks soft mossy banks with beauty's light,  
And presses warmer sands 'neath spangled  
night.

She meets the coming spring fresh at the gate,  
And bright green nature welcomes, hand in  
hand;  
Perhaps affinity 'tween her and earth  
Inspires her heart with vernal love and mirth.

She loves the spring, the spring loves her as  
well,  
They waltz together on the grass so green,  
They're kissing, youth to youth in bliss so gay,  
Their touching is the dawn of coming May.

O Bowers of Roses! Banks of Primrose sweet!  
O bloom for her! Her Spring and yours are  
one!

She blooms to beautify the paths of life,  
As violets on battle-fields of strife.

The Spring now claps its hands in newborn  
glee;  
The Southern breeze blows far from balmier  
climes;  
It wafts the unheard tidings of my love  
From sunnier lands, with laughing blue above.

~~~~~

OUR RED NEIGHBORS.

THEY came in the morning
Just as the day dawned,
And pitched, near the meadow,
Their tents on our lawn.
We saw in the dim light
Their tents on the green,
They stood in their whiteness
In sunshine serene.

Perhaps they're returning
To claim what is theirs,
Or why on our meadow
Would they spread their wares?
Or why in the daylight,
So early in dawn,
Would they nestle gently
On our quiet lawn?

All that day we waited
So peaceful to see
What move our red neighbors
Would make on the lea ;
They plaited their baskets
And worked at their beads,
And smoked there the peace-pipe
Out under our trees.

Next morn we rose early
When lo! they were gone.
The grass waved as ever
O'er meadow and lawn ;
The red children left us
In peace as they came,
And never more visit
Our quiet green plain.

Oft in the blue morning
The sun rises bright,
And rolls from the mountains
The mist in my sight,
And shines o'er the woodlands
So peaceful and light,
I wonder where travel
Our friends of one night.

They never have come back
To visit our lawn,
To pitch 'neath the greenwood
Their tents in the dawn;
They came here so gently
And left as they came,
We know nothing of them
Not even their name.

~~~~~

### A KING IN DEATH.



Ocean's depths, on far off rocky  
isles  
Whose peaks rise heavenward, there  
once dwelt a king,  
Otho, the well-beloved, who one eve  
When the sun sank in beauty in the sky,  
Had his throne brought forth and placed on  
high rocks,  
From there to behold the royal splendor  
Of sinking sun—looked upon the grandeur  
As a king looks unto king. The ships sailed  
By with their purple sails, and all seemed peace,  
His head drooped slowly, his eyes were set deep  
Into ocean's vaults. There he sat and gazed

Until the stars began to glitter. Then  
A subject came and saw their monarch dead.  
Died as he had lived, a king. There he sat  
Mute, motionless—indeed a monarch still,  
As if he ruled over other kingdoms  
Not of this world—still well beloved, but dead.



### THE FIRST CHRISTMAS.



N lands of drooping palms,  
Where summers come and go,  
Where children never hear  
Sweet carols o'er the snow,  
A child was lowly born,  
So humble and so poor,  
Whose parents sought repose  
Within a stable's door.

On this dark Christmas morn,  
The first that ever dawned,  
A star came up so bright  
That wise men were alarmed.  
This was a ray of hope  
Sent to a darkened world;  
Its light still calmly shines  
To cheer in winter's cold.

This is the brightest gem  
That shines within our night,  
Without thee all's despair—  
O shine out, feeble light!  
When terrors surge around,  
And darkness covers me,  
I see that small bright star  
That sparkles out so free.

~~~~~

THOUGHT AND ACTION.

There are few who have at once thought and capacity for action. Thought expands but lames; action animates but narrows.—GOETHE.



IN the far Orient, where kings still sway
Their subjects poor with iron hand
bold,
They sit upon their thrones until this day
As if they had been cut from marble cold.
It has been said that work we've here performed
Is far too great for the result attained.
When we have made our plans and had them
form'd,
The time has come to leave what we have
gained.

Few of the thoughts that wander thro' our souls
Ever take shape or come up to the light. ,
Our thought's a flowing sea that ebbs and rolls
Into the daylight first, then to the night,
It may be brightest thought, like brightest bird,
In never raising voice is never heard.

THE ROSELLA.

IN the meadow near the village
Runs the sweet Rosella bright;
How it sparkles in the daylight,
Creeping first to left then right;
Now it murmurs in the whirlpool,
Now it rests in placid calm,
Like the greater stream of lifetime
Through Fortuna's fickle land.

Through the mountain gorge it thunders
Like the powerful hand of Time,
Running to our peaceful meadows,
Anxious for the bright sunshine.
In this shady pool I'm looking
At my picture in its prime,
It reflects quite other features
Than the one in life's springtime.

How it glances with sweet rapture
At the flowerlet on its bank,
Prouder of its daisy decking
Than a high peer of his rank.
There's a secret in its murmur,
It seems trying hard to tell
Something cool and quite consoling,
For I know the voice so well.

Often in the midst of struggle,
Pausing in the din of life,
I quite plainly hear the gurgle
Of my sweet Rosella bright.
Now the mystic stream seems flowing
Close beside my stream of life;
I expect to hear its moaning
When I turn aside from strife.



CLARA.

TIGH up in the light blue of heaven
My thoughts oft go flying through
space

To the unknown land of hereafter,
In dreams of my Clara's sweet face.

O Clara, I wish you were with me,
We would soar and sing on the way;
The peace now within me forever
Would charm us in quiet and stay.

The harvest in fields is now ripening,
And Clara stands breast-high in grain,
The golden sun streams down upon her,
Her beauty baptizing from stain.

I wish I knew what time will give her,
I hope it will wrap her in bliss,
That she never might wake from dreaming
Till Death gives his sure silent kiss.

IN THE WOODS.



WITHIN these solemn shades the grand
oaks stand
In majesty, the high arched boughs
o'erhead

Bend o'er us as we walk and muse beneath
The domes of green. All seems still and lonely,
But when we listen then we find these bowers
Not tenantless, but fairies of the woods
On ev'ry side. As we walk the song-bird
Sounds its loud warning, and the noisy world
Of life seems gliding quietly away.
These deep green shades are healing for the soul,
A sanctuary where the wounded rest.
Man seems so small beneath these giant trees;
These shadows are so friendly when we come
From out the busy hives of men. High up
In air above the latticed green we see
The living blue, so bright, so pure, and free.
O who would wish for fairer world than this,
For this seems Paradise! The leaves beneath
My feet, the wood-bird's note, the insect hum,
The sunlight through the trees, all are so lovely.
This is for us a resting-place in life,
A cloister for the soul.

THE REAPERS.

HEAR the song of the reapers,
While on their way to the fields!
Hear their sweet voices ringing
Praise for the good harvest yield!

See the morn light-blue breaking
Over the glad rested earth!
See the birds rise fresh singing,
Hailing the far dawn with mirth!

These disciples of Saturn
Reap of the gold-ripened grain,
Taking home for the storehouse
Treasures of sunshine and rain.

But the Great Reaper's harvest
Gathers alike ripe and young,
Bearing them home together,
The harvest song yet unsung.

Soon we shall all be taken,
Alike the good and the bad,
Trusting be left forsaken,
Downcast made even more sad.

In the gardens of heaven
The young will remain there young,
Ripe grain kept there in fullness,
And heaven's harvest-song sung.



MUSIC.

HEAR the tones as they softly
Sink deep into every breast,
Filling us all with longing—
Hope for a far-off rest.

Oft in the misty darkness
Can I hear the strings at play,
Bearing me off so gently
To pleasure lands away.

Soothe now our souls so restless
With a sunny southern lay,
Over a tossing ocean
Flow on and cheer the way ;

Fan us with wings outstretching
To sleep on your unseen tide ;
Fly away to a stillness
Over life's ocean wide.

Now the sweet lays run quiv'ring
Over the chords of the soul,
Mingling with secret sorrows
That with the far sea roll.

The din of the deep music
Shuts from us the constant roar
Of the world with its scandals—
We seem to touch that shore

Where childhood's happy gardens
Are flushed with rosy light;
Afar o'er the wide ocean
Our sorrows take their flight.

ETHEL.



ETHEL at the gate of spring
Decks the portals in her glee,
Wakes the birds to hear them sing
In the air of heaven free.

In the grassy meadows wide,
Plucking flowers so bright and gay,
Weaving garlands in her pride,
Smiling as the fountains play.

THE POETS OF THE PAST.

LOVE the bards who sing
Of youth and beauty bright,
Who drink the cup of joy,
And hail the morning light.

The lyres are blest that ring
With everlasting peace,
That tune us to the chords
Of ecstasy, then cease.

Once harpers sang the lay
Of knights and deeds of arms,
But now they're silent all
Beneath the mystic charms.

The lyres once struck the air,
"On, on to Palestine!"
Now minstrel, knight, and saint
Lie leveled down by time.

THERMOPYLÆ.

T was a foolish deed,
They knew they could not win;
The hero blood ran free
Amidst the battle's din.


These were all precious lives ;
They built an altar high
Upon the mountain pass,
Beneath the Grecian sky ;

They taught a lesson well,
Which we should heed to-day,
That Freedom has a price
Too great for life to pay.


Amidst the selfish strife
We see in daily trade,
How bright seems that fair morn
In Grecia's mountain glade !

That was a glorious day
That broke on deeds so brave,
Its light is shining now
On history's living page.

O bless those grand old braves
Who died for you and me,
And might we die as well
To keep our country free!



WORKMEN.

 HE flowers upon the meadow keep
rolling in their bloom,
The breezes from the hillside are blowing the perfume
To one weary of the fight, the daily strife for bread,
To whom the earth looks bright like the heaven overhead.

The blue is always cheerful, there must be something wrong
That mortals can not frolic like warblers in their song;
All nature is so peaceful, so happy, and so strong,
Though we are part of nature, the mission is not long.

The sky now flows above us, the blue sinks
into me,
The sailor midst the waves rolls into eternity,
He sinks into the sea he loved, the azure o'er
the lea
Is my beloved ocean, fast flowing over me.

At toil, O happy workman! the world is bright
for you;
In morn, O happy plowman! the grasses in
their dew
With brilliants strew your pathway, set for the
toiler's cheer,
Who walk the face of nature, so honest with-
out fear.



REST.



HE pines are tall and stately, they seem
to touch the blue,
They beckon down so gently, and bid
us to be true.
We sit here mildly gazing up to the sky so
bright,
And see the bright sun setting; it rolls on to
the night.

The sunlight pours upon us its blissful happy ray,
The thoughts keep soaring upward upon that
unknown way,
That all our predecessors have trod up to their
God,
As now we lie here dreaming upon the wood-
land sod.

The wood, the lake, the harvest, all lend their
magic spell
To weave the strong enchantment that holds
us here so well.
O may it ne'er be broken; that we might pass
away,
Mix with the sod beneath us, and be at rest
to-day.

FAIRY ISLANDS.



COME let us sail o'er the dark blue
ocean,
Sail for the islands where all may be
blest;

There we may realize childhood's longing,
Perhaps we may dream and evermore rest.

Where are the friends youthful days oft prom-
ised,

Loves never came that we hoped to esteem,
The islands may give the long-sought treasure,
Place in our arms the sweet idol of dreams.

Draped are the isles with low hanging cypress,
Palm trees bow down with their weight of
perfume,

Breezes blow from us sad recollections,
Flute tones fall soft over meadows abloom.

Islands are floating like joys in the future,
Till the horizon shuts them off from view—
Now hear the music, and feel the longing;
Come let us reach them, or sink 'neath the
blue.

ON THE SEA.

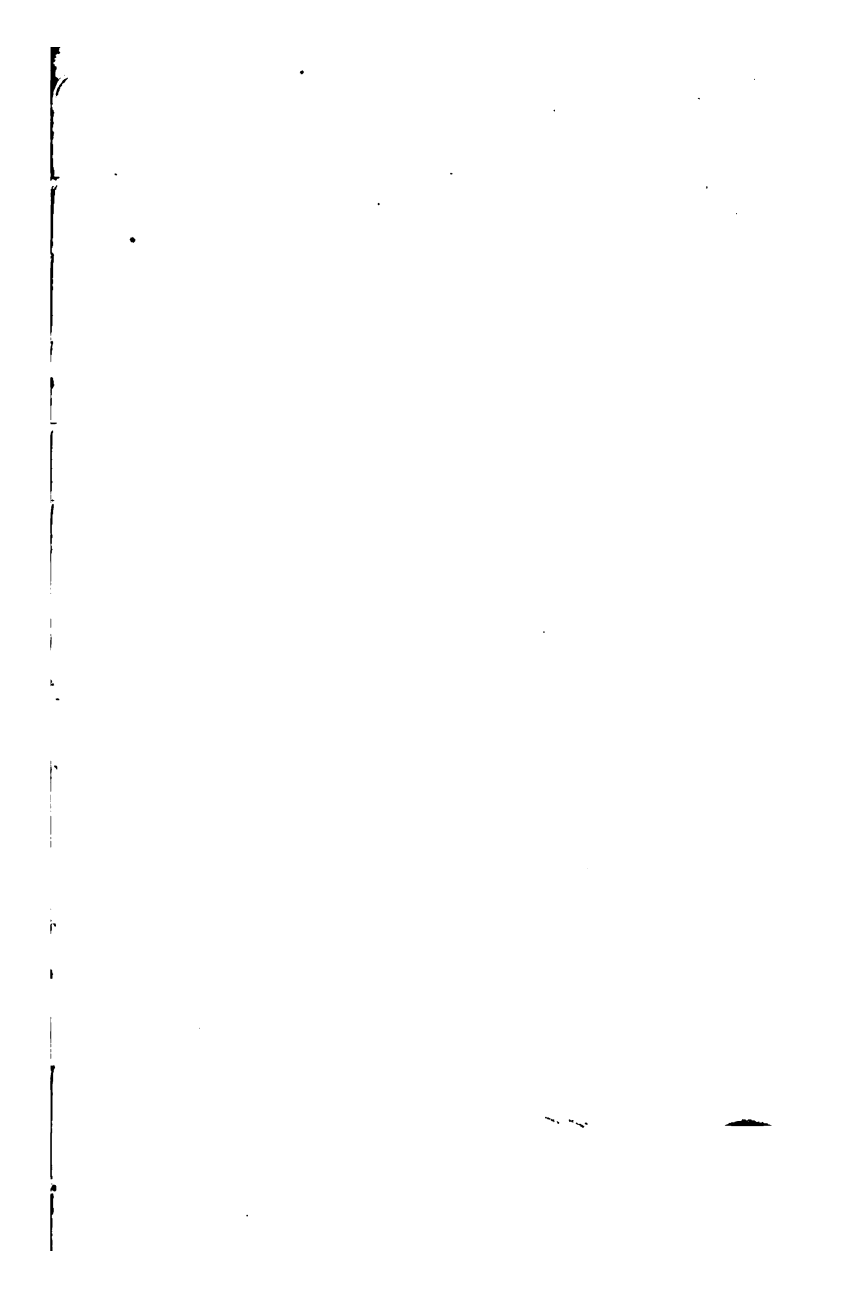


HE sea! where the wild bounding
breakers
Dash up to our portals with glee,
We laugh with the sunbeams that sparkle,
And dance on the azure so free.

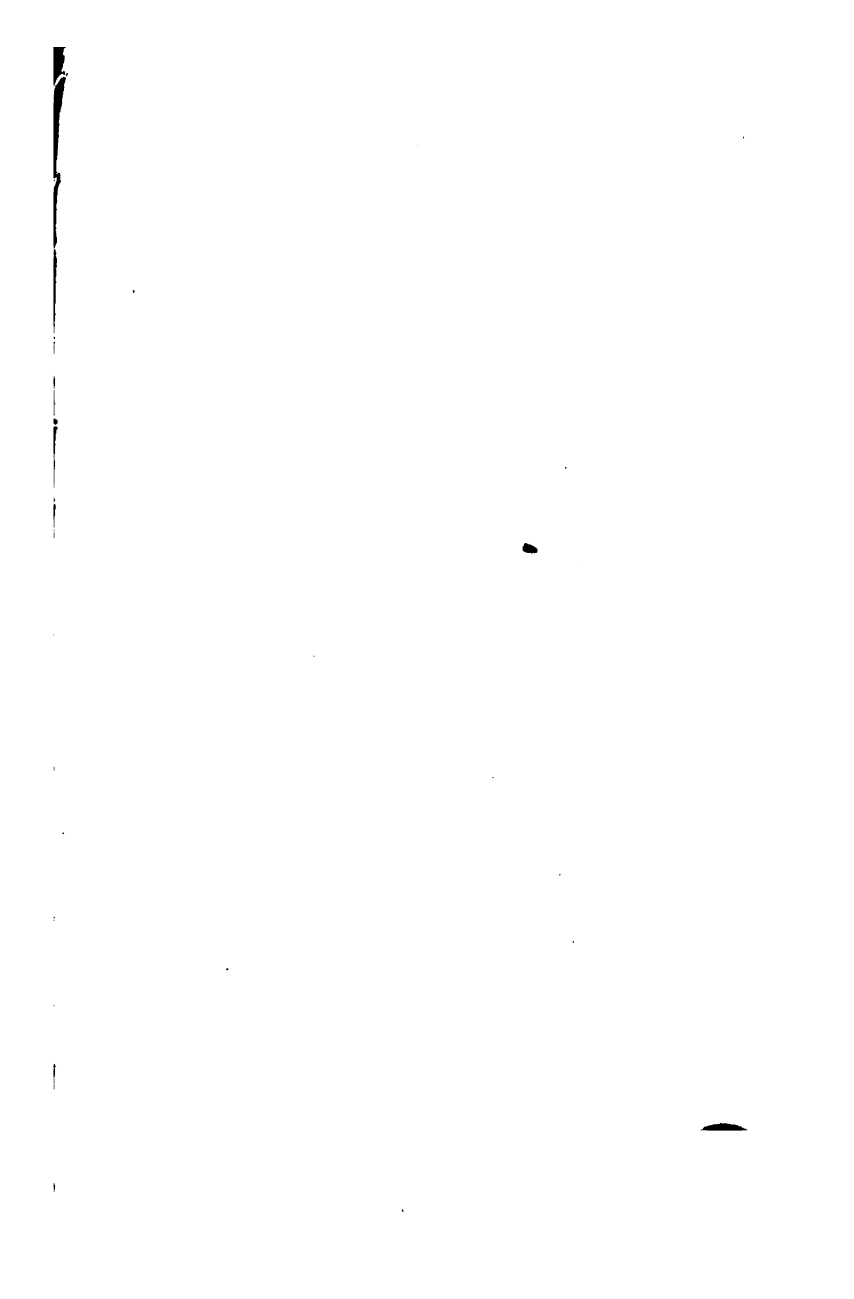
O barque! with your sails of pure whiteness
Recalling to me the fair lands
Where breezes are heavy with perfume
That blow over tropical sands!

We rise and we fall with the billows,
And plow through the foam of the sea;
The sun breaks so bright in the morning,
And lights up the ocean for me.

My heart rises high with the breakers:
O why does it ever so chide!
We'll join with the clear rushing breezes,
And glide with the fast flowing tide.



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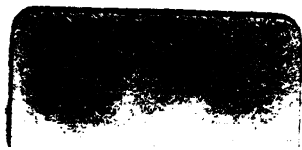


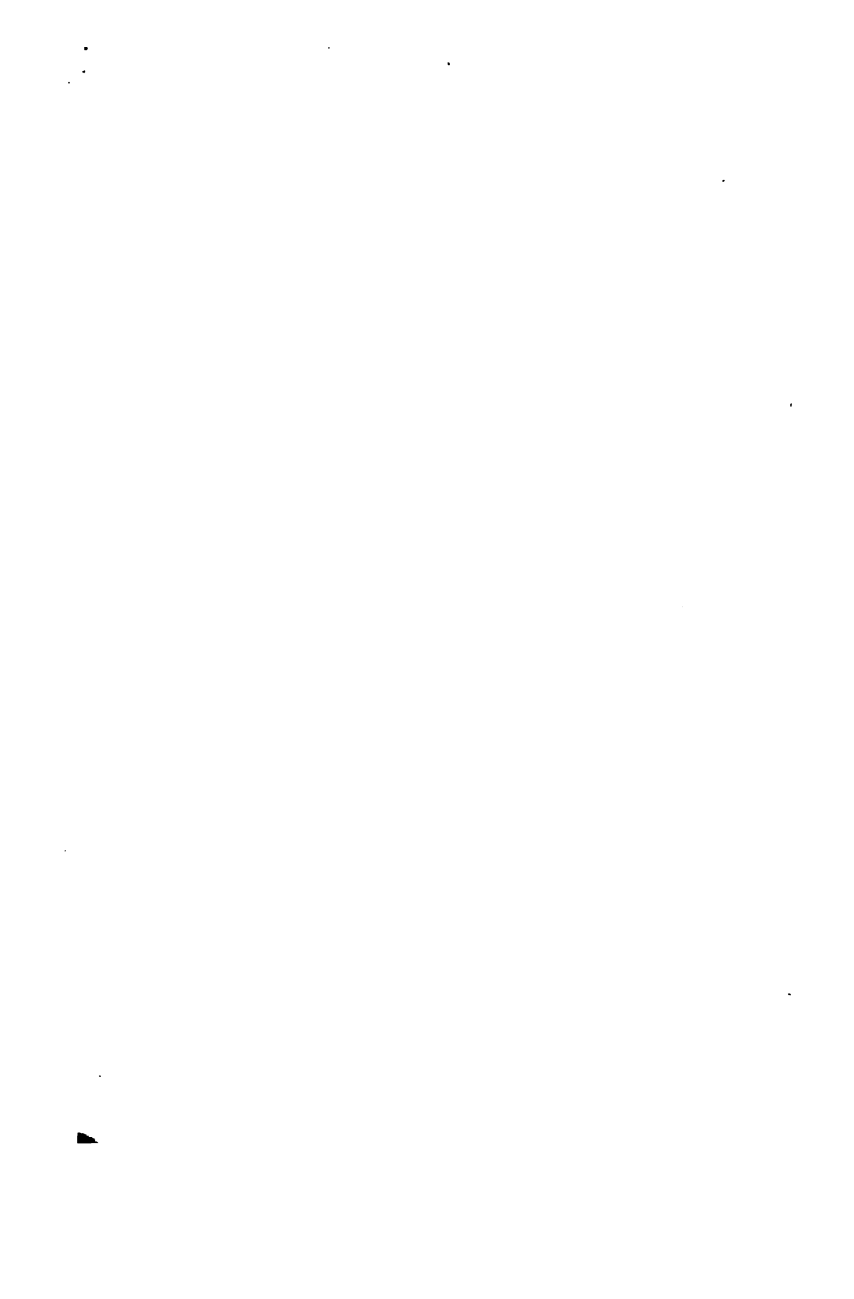
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